Come ſhall we goe along? *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan, priſoners.

Rat. Come bring forth the priſoners.

Riu. Sir Richard Ratliffe, let me tell thee this:
To day ſhalt thou behold a ſubiect die,
For truth, for dutie, and for loyaltie.

Gray. God keep the prince from all the pack of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.

Riu. O Pomfret, Pomfret, Oh thou bloudie priſon,
Fatall and ominious to noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie cloſure of thy walles
Richard the ſecond here was hackt to death:
And for more ſlaunder to thy diſmall ſoule,
We giue thee vp our guiltleſſe bloods to drinke.

Gray. Now Margarets curſe is falne vpon our heads,
For ſtanding by, when Richard ſtabd her ſonne,

Ri. Then curſt ſhe Haſting, then curſt ſhe Buckingham,
Then curſt ſhe Richard. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayers for them, as now for vs,
And for my ſiſter, and her princely ſonne:
Be ſatisfied deare God with our true bloods,
Which as thou knoweſt vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.

Rat. Come, come, diſpatch, the limit of your liues is out.

Riu. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaue, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counſell.

Haſt. My Lords at once, the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation.
In Gods name ſay, when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and lack but nomination.

Biſh. To morrow then, *I* geſſe a happie time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* minde herein?
Who is moſt inward with the noble Duke? (his minde.

Bi. Why you my *L*: me thinks you ſhould ſooneſt know

Buc. Who *I* my *Lord*? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then *I* of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine:

Lord

Lor. *Haſtings*, you and he are neare in loue.

Haſt. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpoſe in the coronation
I haue not ſounded him, nor he deliuered
His graces pleaſure any way therein:
But you my L. may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe ile giue my voice,
Which *I* preſume he will take in gentle part.

Biſh. Now in good time here comes the *Duke* himſelfe.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. My noble L. and couſens all good morrow,
I haue bene long a ſleeper, but now *I* hope
My abſence doth neglect no great deſignes,
Which by my preſence might haue bene concluded.

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,
William *L.* Haſtings had now pronounſt your part:
I meane your voice for crowning of the king.

Glo. Then my *L.* Haſtings, no man might be bolder,
His *Lord*ſhip knowes me well, and loues me well.

Haſt. *I* thanke your grace.

Glo. My *L.* of Elie.

Biſh. My *Lord*.

Glo. When *I* was laſt in Holborne,
I ſawe good ſtrawberries in your garden there,
I now beſeech you ſend for ſome of them.

Biſh. *I* go my *Lord*.

Glo. Couſen *Buckingham*, a word with you:
Catesby hath ſounded Haſtings in our buſineſſe,
And findes the reſty gentleman ſo hote,
As he will looſe his head ere giue conſent,
His maiſters ſonne as worſhipfull he termes it,
Shall looſe the royaltie of Englands throane.

Buc. *W*ithdraw you hence my *L.* *I*le follow you. *Ex. Glo.*

Dar. *W*e haue not yet ſet downe this day of triumph,
To morrow in mine opinion is too ſoone:
For *I* my ſelfe am not ſo well prouided
As elſe *I* would be were the day prolonged.

Enter the Biſhop of Elie. (berries.

Bi. *W*here is my *L.* Protector, *I* haue ſent for theſe ſtraw-